

THE BOURBON NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

SWIFT CHAMP, EDITOR AND OWNER

Friday, March 29, 1901.

THE Court of Appeals decided that it had no jurisdiction in the case of a saloon-keeper fined for selling liquor on Sunday.

Ada Gray, who was probably responsible for more tears than any other woman on the American stage through her interpretation of the dual role in "East Lynne," is dead.

ACCORDING to the dictionary of the re-organizers, a Democrat is a man who votes the Republican ticket in National campaigns, but is generous enough to allow Democrats to vote for him in a municipal campaign."—The Commoner.

ALQUINOLDA has been captured, as the result of the daring project of Brig. Gen. Funston. The prisoner was brought to Manila yesterday morning a prisoner of war on the gunboat Vicksburg. He was taken March 23 at his hiding place in the Province of Isabela, Island of Luzon. His staff was also captured.

Unceasly Lies the Head That Wears the Crown.

A Paris cable to the New York Journal says the Nihilist plots have caused consternation. The Czar knows he is doomed and has collapsed physically. Helpless with his Ministers like a child to save him from assassins, whom he sees hiding in every corner.

Killing At Lexington.

John Scanlon, freight conductor on the Chesapeake & Ohio road, was shot to death between 3 and 4 o'clock Tuesday morning near Pine Grove, by John Goodin, the brakeman on the train. Scanlon was shot five times. Goodin jumped from the train, and returning to Lexington, gave himself up.

The train pulled into Mt. Sterling before Scanlon's body was found, the two men being the only ones in the caboose. The authorities took charge of the corpse. Scanlon was about forty-five years old and lived at Lexington.

More Troubles.

Warrants were issued and served Monday, on the charge of selling goods in Maysville without license, on the following representatives of Gifford, Mabie & Co., of Chicago: George Davenport, Dixie Sprake, of Cynthiana, are guests of Miss Leah McCloud, near town.

Miss Bertie Caldwell, of Mason, is the guest of Miss Laura Jefferson.

Mrs. G. S. Allen is visiting her sister, Mrs. Payne, at Payne's Depot.

Mrs. Belle Armstrong is visiting her daughter, Miss Mary, at Hamilton College, Lexington.

Elder Gamble, of Smithfield, was the guest of Elder G. W. Nutter, Monday.

Thos. Prather, from near Maysville, has sold his 135 acre farm to Mrs. Wilson for \$100 per acre, and will probably buy land near here.

Mrs. Angie Campbell and Mr. Sam'l Waugh, of Carlisle, will marry next week. Both are well known here.

The Christian Church has just received a handsome silver communion service. It was ordered by Mr. R. B. Holden and is up-to-date, and is much admired.

Dr. Baradine the noted evangelist will open the meeting at the M. E. Church to-night. All are invited.

Don't forget "Charley's Aunt" at the Opera House to-night, by the Marionburg Dramatic Co. Proceeds for the benefit of the town. Doors open at 8 p. m. Admission 30 cents, reserved seats 35 cents. Music by the Paris orchestra.

Mr. John Buck Vimont has an appointment as guager for April at H. E. Pogue & Co., Maysville.

Ora Bowles enlisted in the Navy Monday, at Lexington. He will be assigned to the receiving ship Franklin, at Newport News. Harvey Johnson, Jr., was registered.

Mrs. W. M. Layson is much improved this week.

Dr. J. H. Carpenter has been very ill for the past week.

Mr. Denis Hanley sold his farm of 125 acres Thursday to Thos. Prather, of Maysville, at \$55 per acre.

Mrs. Wm. Kerr, of North Middleton, is the guest of Mrs. Lizzie Miller.

Mrs. Dr. Chas. Vimont and son, of Chicago, are guests of relatives here.

Dr. N. A. McKenney was in Paris, Thursday, on business.

Stock and Crop.

Secretary Wilson, of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, says that the entry list to the Kentucky Futurity of \$21,000 for foals of 1901, which closed on Friday of last week will be the largest in the history of the race. Last year, 1,485 were named, and this was the record. This year the indications are that the number will over-reach 1,500.

A good program is being prepared. All the congregations of Christian Churches in Bourbon County are cordially invited to attend this convention. All persons sending their name to the County Secretary will be provided with hospitable entertainment.

Mrs. A. G. WORNALL, Bourbon County Secretary.

Box 532.

Opposite Windsor Hotel, in the Stevens block, the rest we will not tell, it will pay to see J. H. McCarty's upholstering stock.

Lessons In Dancing.

A class in dancing will be organized by Miss Mand Stont, at Odd Fellows' Hall to morrow night. Persons desiring to be instructed in dancing should attend on that night. For terms or other particulars, apply to Miss Stont, at her residence on High street.

Miss Stont is a capable teacher and has been especially successful and has produced many graceful dancers from her classes.

GEORGE W. LYONS,

AGENT FOR

Lion Brewery.



BOCK ON TAP.

COR. TENTH and MAIN

ON DISPLAY:

APRIL 3d and 4th, 1901,

A SELECT LINE OF

Spring Millinery

OF

Fashionable Up-To-Date

Styles and Patterns.

Imported Parisian Hats and Many Handsome Eastern Fashions.

Miss Elizabeth Kuer, of Cincinnati, is in Charge of the Trimming Department.

All the Ladies are cordially invited to attend these displays.

This March 19th, 1901.

EMMETT M. DICKSON,

Master Commissioner Bourbon Circuit

Court.

MCMLIAN & TALBOT, Attys.

Main Street, Between 4th and 5th.

TERMS.—Said property will be sold upon a credit of six and twelve months for equal parts of the purchase money, for which the purchaser or purchasers, will be bound to pay to the undersigned Master Commissioner and payable to said Commissioner, said bonds to bear interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum and having the force and effect of a judgment.

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INDIAN SIGNALS.

The Long Distance Code by Which the Red Men Conversed. The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some campfire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within 30 miles: "Look out. There is an enemy near." These smoke bolts close together meant danger. One smoke merely meant attention. Two smoke meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long distance telephone will quickly become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of Indians, but unless he were an old timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow (an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) meant the same as the column of smoke puffs—viz., "An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant "We shall attack," three at once said, "We attack now." An arrow shot off in a diagonal direction said as plainly as pointing a finger, "That way." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in day-time.

Puzzled The Jeweler.

He Wanted a Second Hand Watch and Finally Got It. He was evidently a foreigner, and he walked into one of the big jewelry houses on F street and asked for a watch. He would be pleased to examine some "second hand watches," he said to the clerk who advanced to meet him.

"This isn't a pawnshop," observed the clerk haughtily.

"No?" observed the man inquisitively. "But you have watches?" And he pointed to the great showcase full of hand-some watches.

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "Find stock of watches in the city. How much do you want to pay for a watch?" "How much?" asked the stranger. "Mooch as he is worth, so that he suits me. I have said that I desire a second hand watch—a good one that shall keep the time."

"See here, sir; you are off base. We don't keep second hand goods. You will have to hunt elsewhere for second hand watches."

The stranger's eyes opened wide. "But you have him there, and there and there," as he began to speculate. "I have said s-e-c-o-n-d-h-a-d-watches," spelling it as though to make it plainer, "and they are here, everywhere, yet you say you have them not. I do not comprehend you."

"Well, I do," replied the clerk sheepishly as he quickly got behind the counter. "Just a little mix up. No harm done, I hope. Certainly we have watches with second hands. All our watches have second hands. We handle no others." And the stranger got his second hand watch, for which he laid down a \$50 bill.—Washington Star.

Speculation and Theft. Some statistician, in emulation of Lombroso perhaps, has been figuring out the habitual employment of convicts. He concludes that more men and women whose employers are the national, state or municipal governments fall into evil ways and come to untoward ends than those who work for private individuals or corporations. A very large proportion of the men and women who have been handled of public monies seem to yield to the constant temptation and begin to speculate, and some cynic avers that speculation is the corollary of speculation. As a matter of fact, most of the big and little thieves who commit how they were led to take money that did not belong to them declare that speculations of one sort or another brought them eventually behind the bars.—New York Herald.

By Way of Suggestion. "The trouble with me," spoke the young man who was on his way home with his best and loveliest from a party at the Kenhurst club, "is that I always feel embarrassed when I am out in company. I never know what to do with my hands."

"Suppose you just hold them up," said a hoarse voice in his ear.

The voice pertained to a large, rough looking man with a mask on his face and a large, rough looking revolver in his hand, and the youth lost no time in complying with the suggestion.—Chicago Tribune.

Bicycles are generally considered very modern inventions, but some of the Egyptian obelisks bear figures mounted on two wheeled vehicles resembling the old velocipedes.

Silk goods are said to take dyes more readily than any other fabric.

NOTICE.

To My Customers: I have re-rented W. B. Woodford's Shop, and will be ready for you to call on me even before to do any kinds of repairing, both in wood and iron, vehicles overhauled and painted. Horse shoeing a specialty. All work sent to my shop will receive my personal attention. Custom kindly solicited.

J. HARRISON DAVIS,
General Smith.

Robert K. Watt, of Salem, Mo., writes: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years and have doctor'd with all the leading physicians and have tried all remedies suggested, without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am sound and well." Clark & Kenney.

Like Oliver Twist, children ask for more when given One Minute Kidney Cure. Mothers are always right for croup. It quickly cures all colds and coughs and every throat and lung trouble. It is a specific for grippe and asthma and has long been a well known remedy for whooping cough. W. T. Brooks.

SARAH AND THE "INDIANS."

Bernhardt Played Fedora For Them at 35 Cents a Head. Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, once played in Sullivan, Ind., at 35 cents a head.

It was many years ago, and Bernhardt was making a tour of the country. On the way from Louisville to Indianapolis the train was stopped at Sullivan by the news that a serious freight wreck had occurred a few miles up the road completely blocking the tracks and making progress to Indianapolis impossible until the next day.

"Very well," said the manager in excellent French and with forced calmness. "Since we cannot leave town we will give a performance here."

"Impossible," said Mme. Bernhardt, also in French. "Quite impossible."

"Not a bit," said the manager, and went about it. The divine Bernhardt, being under contract to play a certain number of nights, was induced to consent. There was no "opera house" in Sullivan, but the Masonic Hall was rented, and some of the scenery was crowded into it. The local job office got out a lot of handbills in a hurry, and messengers were dispatched to the adjoining towns to spread the glad news that Bernhardt, the diva Sarah, was to play in Sullivan that night and that admission would be 35 cents.

"Now use trying to charge metropolitan price," said the manager to the treasurer, and that gentleman sighed and said he supposed not.

In the early evening there began to come into town long lines of green farmer wagons, each holding a family party. When the house was full, the great Bernhardt cautiously took a peep at it from behind the flimsy curtain.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, raising her jeweled hands. "Look at the Indians!"

But she played Fedora for them, and she played until 11 o'clock.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

HE USED THE SALT TEST.

An Old Apache Chief's Knowledge of the Human System.

In the early days of Union Pacific railroading Victoria, Nana and Gerromo, the three chiefs of the Arizona Apaches, with 100 of their best bucks, came through Green River, Wyo.

They had heard of the "heav wagon and no hoss" and had come to stop the train. They made a lasso of rawhide, and 50 men on each side held on to the rope as the freight came down the Wasatch divide. The engineer saw when several miles away that the Indians were up to, so he whistled "off brakes" and, opening his throttle, let her loose. The cowcatcher struck the rope and hurled the Indians in all directions, literally tearing them to pieces, headless, armless and legless. The three chiefs went south to their cactus plains very crestfallen.

Before they selected these men the old Chieh Victoria had them all eat a piece of rock salt about as big as a pencil, run swiftly about 100 yards, sit down, log of rock and cross their legs. Then he watched the vibration of the feet, which were crooked. The feet which vibrated the longest or had the longest strokes he deemed to accept for a severe duty or a dangerous trip or for one that was at all hazardous, but he accepted the feet which vibrated short, distinct and regular strokes.

Now, what did the old chief know about pulsation of the arterial system or of heart action and indeed about salt in the system? I have lived near to Indian reservations and have had occasion often to survey over their lands for railroads and other objects and I have wondered where old Victoria got his idea. Is not the child of the sagebrush plains better posted than his paleface brother?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Love Letter of Prince Bismarck.

"On my window sill, among all sorts of crocuses and hyacinths, stand two camellias which always inspire me with strange thoughts. One of them, slender and pretty, with its ornamental crown (top) and soft, pale—very like the blossoms—but little foliage and only two buds, transports me to Reddeket's home. It either suffices and lingers English. The other makes a deep impression of beauty as you took it, and its stalk betrays in its gnarled twisting lack of care in its pruning. From the midst of the foliage looks out a dead branch, but the branch is richer in leaves, and the foliage is deeper than that of its neighbor. It gives promise of abundant blossoming in its eight buds, and its color is deep dark red and white in irregular gay variegation. Do you take the comparison amiss? It is a lame comparison, moreover, for I do not love camellias, because they are without odor, and you love precisely on account of the fragrance of the flower of your spirit, which is white, dark red and black."

The clergyman looked blankly at the colors then turned to the fair one.

"I'll leave it to you, madam," he said. "What do you think it's worth?"

What did this young and blushing bride do? She reached out, took the coins, handed over half crown to the minister and put the other into her pocket.

"A thrifty wife," said the minister, with a sigh, "is her husband's crown."

Perhaps he ought to have said half crown.—London Tit-Bits.

Feasted His Doctor.

The late Rev. H. R. Hawells, who was equally notable as preacher, journalist, lecturer and musician, suffered from a dangerous bilious disease when a boy of 9. The celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, who was asked if a change of party would benefit the afflicted youth, answered, "Take him anywhere—it does not matter."

Hawells lived to laugh at his doctor, and half a century later, after a life of exceptional industry, he was in vigorous health.—New York World.

Here is a picture of the Man of Iron with his armor doffed.—Harper's Magazine.

Luck and Pluck.

Two clerks named Thomas and Clarence were in the employ of a wealthy merchant. Thomas was always an industrious lad, but Clarence was much given to frivolity and was extravagant in his habits. In after years Clarence married his employer's daughter, and his services were much appreciated by Clarence and his father-in-law.

Moral.—There is no royal road to success.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Not Fatal.

Willie—I think I could die listening to Miss Triller sing.

Cry—Oh, you may feel like dying, but you'll pull through. I've been through it often.—Ohio State Journal.

Ransoming the Dead.

In medieval times not only were living prisoners ransomed by their friends, but a ransom was demanded even for the bodies of those slain in action.

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